

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

HELLRAISER: HELLSEEKER

Screenplay by

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1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 1

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS.

A Toyota Camry shoots down an isolated country road. It's a dreary overcast day.

2 INT. CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY 2

KIRSTY stares out the passenger window as the trees whiz past. She's attractive, late twenties, warmly sophisticated.

TREVOR

You sure you're up for this? It's been a long time.

TREVOR is her husband, late twenties as well. God gave him brains and beauty. He has used them both prodigiously.

Kirsty looks out the passenger window as the trees whiz past. She's lost in thought. Doesn't turn to him.

KIRSTY

Yeah.

TREVOR

If you're not ready... I mean to share this with me, I understand.

Kirsty doesn't respond.

TREVOR

Hey, Come on.

Trevor leans over and tickles her for a reaction. Kirsty smiles for the first time.

KIRSTY

Don't (enjoying it), Don't!

TREVOR

It's all gonna be OK, you'll see. I mean this isn't life or death.

2A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 2A

Titles continue. Toyota shoots down the road.

2B INT. CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY 2B

She takes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRSTY
I'm sorry I kept it from you all these years. I feel like I'm ready now.

TREVOR
Cheer up. We'll get through it. When I said I'll always respect your privacy about your past I meant it. What ever it is you want to tell me, you tell me when your ready.

2C EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 2C

The Camry shoots along. END TITLE SEQUENCE.

2D INT. CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY 2D

KIRSTY
Dammit!

TREVOR
What's wrong?

She checks the directions on her map.

KIRSTY
It's been a long time....I think we're lost.

TREVOR
What are you talking about?

KIRSTY
We missed a turn. We should have crossed a bridge by now.

TREVOR
Relax. Just give me the map.

He reaches for the map. Takes his eye off the road for a split second. When he turns back, it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out of nowhere there's a GOAT (the most exotic one available in Vancouver... for scale) -- weird twisted antlers -- standing in the middle of the road and they're-

ROARING DOWN on top of it.

KIRSTY

Aaahhhh!

Trevor cuts the wheel hard. TOO HARD. The car swerves out of control.

And guess what? NOW WE SEE THE BRIDGE.

3 INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

3

The rest is a blur...

... Trevor loses control of the steering wheel... Kirsty SCREAMS... Their car skids toward the bridge guardrail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor cranks the wheel hard and loses control. They skid off the road. The car launches out over the river, soaring toward the water below.

Trevor and Kirsty brace themselves. The car hits the surface...

4 INT. RIVER, UNDERWATER - DAY 4

Inside the car, Trevor and Kirsty panic. They scramble to get their seat belts off. The car is sinking fast. Trevor breaks free and swims over to help Kirsty. He yanks on her seat belt. It's stuck.

Water rushes into the car. Trevor takes one last breath before the car is completely filled.

He desperately fights to free Kirsty, but-

- He's running out of air. He has to leave her. But only for a moment. He swims out through the driver side door. Pushes off the car with his feet to launch himself towards the surface, accidentally kicking the door shut.

5 EXT. RIVER - DAY 5

Trevor breaks the surface and gasps for air. Getting his bearings, he takes a deep breath and dives back under for his wife.

6 INT. RIVER, UNDERWATER - DAY 6

Trevor reaches the car again but the driver side door is shut -- and it's jammed shut.

Through the window, he sees Kirsty panicking, then finally freeing herself from the belt.

She swims to the driver window. Pounds on the glass.

Trevor reels back and kicks the window. It won't budge. Kirsty's eyes are now wide with desperation, breath quickening, sinking fast... but She's trapped.

She can't hold out any longer. She stops fighting. Knows it's over. She empties her lungs of air, mouthing the words " I love you," then sinks back into the car.

Trevor screams-

7 INT. HOSPITAL ER/TREVOR'S BED - DAY 7

TREVOR
Kirsty!

Trevor leaps up into frame. His eyes dart around the room.
WIDER. Now we realize we're inside a hospital room.

TREVOR
Kirsty!

His eyes dart around the room trying to get his bearings,
when suddenly a woman is standing in front of him.

DR. ALLISON DORMERE. A simple beauty. Something about her
just radiates a calming presence. She speaks softly.

ALLISON
Everything's gonna' be fine.

TREVOR
Where's Kirsty?

ALLISON
It's OK Trevor, you're safe here.

TREVOR
Where's my wife?

Allison holds up a hypodermic needle.

ALLISON
This will help you relax.

It hits him quick and hard. His vision starts to blur and
distort, slowly taking us to BLACK.

8 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM/TREVOR'S BED - DAY 8

FADE UP FROM BLACK. Trevor's vision starts to clear. But
something about the room is a little off.

CLOSE ON TREVOR'S FACE as he struggles to move -- but it's
useless.

A TIGHT STRAP pins his jaw against his chest. His arms and
legs are also strapped down.

He hears a sickening SAWING noise and his eyes bulge in
horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tight on a few ODD SURGEONS working on something in front of them. One Surgeon finishes his work. Lifts up a small dremel power saw with his bloodied hands and hands it to one of the INTERNS.

More tools are passed back and forth in front of Trevor's face.

WIDE as the doctors calmly lift a 4" x 5" piece of Trevor's freshly sawed cranium from his head exposing his brain.

TREVOR
What are you people doing?!

A FROWNING NURSE peeks into Trevor's eyeline.

NURSE
Try to stay calm, Trevor. It's vital that you stay very still.

The CHIEF SURGEON -- a large unshaven man, with yellowed teeth and swollen gums -- walks up. He swings a large magnifying lens in front of his face, making his eyes enormous and his face grotesquely distorted.

He's handed a tray of evenly arranged pins. He cranks up the magnification of his lenses which make his eyes appear even larger.

The Chief Surgeon takes one of the pins and gently pushes it into Trevor's frontal lobe.

TREVOR
What's happening to-!

Trevor's eyes glaze over and his jaw relaxes.

CHIEF SURGEON
I've just accessed the speech center, temporarily shutting down all verbal functions.

The Chief Surgeon takes several more pins from the tray. Lectures to the INTERNS gathered around him.

CHIEF SURGEON
As you can see the thinnest layer of cortex separates the part of the brain that feels pleasure, from the part of the brain that feels pain.

The Chief Surgeon slips another pin into Trevor's exposed brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF SURGEON

Our goal today is find the exact point in
the brain where moral decisions are made,
the place where right and wrong is
distinguished.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3) CHIEF SURGEON(cont'd)

In exploring this "Morality Center" I will
be triggering memories -- disrupting the
unconscious --

His voice lowers and his eyes turn solid black -- like the
eyes of a shark. The eye magnification is now at a hideous
level. His black cornea fills the frame.

CHIEF SURGEON
So our patient may experience some
distress during the procedure.

Trevor looks at the frowning nurse who is watching over him.
The Chief Surgeon sticks a needle into another spot on
Trevor's brain.

TREVOR'S POV: The nurse is suddenly a pale gargoyle with
blackened eyes. Trevor opens his mouth to scream and-

CUT TO:

8A INT. HOSPITAL ER/TREVOR'S BED - DAY

8A

-IN A BURST OF WHITE LIGHT, ALLISON is now standing before
him. She is bathed in a haze of white light.

ALLISON

Well? What do say Trevor? Que pasa?

Trevor relaxes. His bindings are gone. The Gargoyle Nurse is
gone. The Surgeons are gone.

He grabs his head. All in one piece. But something remains.
The pain. His head is pounding.

TREVOR
Where do I start?

ALLISON
How's the old noggin? Any change in the
intensity?

She touches him gently. He desperately tries to get her into
focus.

ALLISON
Can you describe the pain?

Now he can see her clearly. It's Allison.

TREVOR
Like there's a jackhammer being jammed
into the back of my eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She picks up a pad and scribbles something on it.

ALLISON
I'm Doctor Dormere. You can call me Allison.

TREVOR
Are you a dream too?

ALLISON
Still hallucinating as well. Hmm...

TREVOR
What just happened? It looked like a dream but it felt so -- real.

ALLISON
It's probably the morphine Trevor. You're on such a high dosage, you could be asleep and dreaming with your eyes wide open. We're still going to have to run a few more tests over the next couple of days and see if we can pinpoint what's causing those headaches. With the kind of head trauma you suffered, you're lucky to be here at all.

They share a gentle moment.

ALLISON
I'll see you through this.

TREVOR
I'll take your word on that.

AN OLDER DOCTOR walks in. AMBROSE. He grabs Trevor's chart.

AMBROSE
Hello Trevor. Let's see how we're doing today.

ALLISON
(to Ambrose)
He's still a little hazy and in a lot of pain -- even after the morphine. Blackouts. Hallucinations. Acute memory loss. I recommend we admit him until we run the rest of the tests -- just to be safe.

Ambrose puts the chart back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMBROSE

Well I don't see any abnormalities.

ALLISON

Exactly, that's the problem, that's why I think-

AMBROSE

(looking up at Trevor)

Time to ween you off those painkillers too. Wouldn't want you getting hooked. Start coming to the hospital for no other reason than to get a fix. And we can't have that.

Then it hits him all over again. He looks straight into Ambrose's eyes.

TREVOR

Where's Kirsty? Where's my wife?

LANGE

That's what I'd like to know.

Ambrose and Trevor turn to the door to find DETECTIVE MICHAEL LANGE, One of those instantly everybody's friend kind of guys standing there.

LANGE

(off their looks)

I knocked.

9 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

9

Trevor sits on a bench in a long empty hallway. It's quiet. Maybe too quiet. Lange steps in with two cups of coffee.

LANGE

Hope you like it black.
(takes a sip of his)
And tasting like crap.

Trevor just holds his. Doesn't take a sip. Trevor is far from here. His look is distant.

TREVOR

She's missing?

Lange looks a little confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE
It's not like we're gonna stop looking. I
don't give up that easy. We just have to -
- keep searching.

TREVOR
Maybe if I took you back. Walked you
through it.

LANGE
(more confused)
We've done that already....

Now it's Trevor's turn to be confused. He tries to process
what Lange just said.

LANGE
(off Trevor's look)
You sure you're okay to drive?

Trevor gives him a look.

TREVOR
I do know I don't have a car anymore.

LANGE
Look, I obviously caught you at a bad
time. Go home, get some rest.
(a little laugh)
You look like hell warmed over.

Lange gets up and walks away. He stops and turns back.

LANGE
One more thing. You said you tried to
pull her out through the passenger door,
but it was locked right?

TREVOR
Yeah.

Lange looks at his note pad.

LANGE
That's strange. The report says the doors
were open when they pulled the car out of
the river.

TREVOR
Maybe she unlocked it -- and got out.

An awkward beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANGE

Maybe.

(his pager goes off)

Oh well, I'll double check that. Could be their bad. Gotta' run. We'll talk soon.

Lange puts the pad away.

LANGE

Sure you don't need a lift?

(takes a hit of nasal spray)

Suit yourself.

10 INT. BUS - NIGHT

10

Trevor is sitting on the bus. He's a little out of it.

Loud music plays on a portable CD from the seat in front of him.

A CREEPY OLD WOMAN sits further back, knitting.

Trevor rubs his temples, the headaches are annoying- so is the loud music.

TREVOR

Do you mind keeping it down?

The man turns around. Trevor locks eyes with a UNUSUAL LOOKING MAN COVERED WITH FACIAL PIERCINGS. The man's tattoos cover his neck and chin.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

The music, do you mind turning it down?

The man turns around. NO change in the volume.

Trevor turn's back to the Old Woman knitting. Suddenly she's in super SLOW-MO and then we are-

11 EXT. TREVOR'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

11

Trevor steps off the bus and walks through his neighborhood. A neighborhood on it's way back from being a shit hole.

We follow him from behind -- a little off kilter.

ROAR, SNAP! A PITBULL'S snout ends up inches from Trevor's leg as it launches forward and is yanked to a stop by it's chain.

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CONTINUED:

Trevor rears back, pinned against the wall. The dog suddenly seems to recognize Trevor, backs off and wags it's tail. Trevor cautiously leans over. Looks at the tag on the collar.

TREVOR
Hey Cotton. Good boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Something gets knocked over behind Trevor. He spins.

HIS POV back down the street. Nothing's there. THEN HE HEARS FOOT STEPS. He heads back to investigate. He reaches the corner and looks both ways. Nothing. Strange.

He continues on his way.

12 INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT 12

A nice loft space gone to hell. It had a woman's touch -- a long time ago. Dirty dishes, dirty clothes. Like a frat house on Saturday morning.

Trevor steps in, genuinely surprised at the condition of the place. He starts to clean up. Picks up a tipped over picture.

HIS POV of a photo of Kirsty and him from happier times. Big smiles. A nice moment.

13 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT 13

Hand-held super eight-ish type footage (digital video?)

It's a few years ago. Happier times. It's the day they moved into the apartment.

A montage of images as they cuddle affectionately in bed. Trevor strokes Kirsty's face, brushes her hair from her eyes. She caresses his chest as they tenderly kiss. They are lost in the moment - in each other.

14 INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT 14

Back to scene. Trevor, still staring at the photo, now sitting in his favorite E-Z Chair. A bitter-sweet smile.

14A EXT. CUBIC ROUTE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 14A

A curious building stands out along the skyline.

15 INT. CUBIC ROUTE, HALLWAY - DAY 15

Trevor -- who's seen better days -- walks past a sign on the wall "CUBIC ROUTE ACTUARIAL RESEARCH" and marches down a long white sterile hallway lit by harsh fluorescent tubes. His eyes can't seem to adjust to them.

16 INT. CUBIC ROUTE, TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY 16

A maze of cubicles. More harsh fluorescence. It's a mill of data research and number crunching, with "worker bees" endlessly TAPPING away at their computers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor enters and is met with a number of stares from his co-workers as he marches through the honeycomb of cubicles. He struggles to remember where his cubicle is and-

"Why the fuck is everybody staring at me?"

Somebody blocks Trevor's path. Gets in Trevor's face. This is BRET SPINER, Trevor's cubicle neighbor.

BRET
Well, look who decided to show up today.

TREVOR
Hey-
(takes him a second to put a
name with the face)
- Bret.

BRET
Banker's hours. Nice. Hey what happened
to you yesterday?

TREVOR
I was in a-

BRET
- You got a piece of ass didn't you?
That's why you didn't come back from
lunch. Secret's safe with me pal.
(winks)
We'll just call it a "personal" day.

Bret's just met with a blank stare.

BRET
Look forget I said anything. Just get
some numbers going -- any numbers at all
will due. The hills have eyes remember?

Bret gestures to a surveillance camera overhead.

BRET
We're all here for you Trev.

Bret walks over to his cubicle. Trevor turns and stares straight ahead.

HIS POV of a CORKBOARD with dozens of notes and messages tacked to it. He starts to flip through them when one in particular catches his attention.

A YELLOWED BUSINESS CARD that simply reads-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

"ALL PROBLEMS SOLVED". He plucks it off. There's an address scribbled on the back.

FLASH CUT -- A MEMORY HIT:

17 INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS WAREHOUSE- DAY 17

A SMOKY ROOM-

The BUSINESS CARD "ALL PROBLEMS SOLVED" being slid across a desk -- we don't see by who. Trevor picks it up. Curious. He smiles and slides some money back across the desk.

BACK TO SCENE.

18 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/ TREVOR'S CUBICLE- DAY 18

A JOLT OF PAIN rips through Trevor's head, forcing him to drop into his chair. Bret peeks over the cubicle.

BRET

Sixty five percent of all headaches are due to low blood sugar levels Trev.

A light bulb seems to go off over Trevor's head.

19 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/BREAK ROOM - DAY 19

Trevor eyes a vending machine. He peruses the sundry sugary snacks, looking for just the right fix.

Harsh lighting. There's an old dart board against the wall.

It's dead quiet in here. We can hear his head pounding in pain. A couple of the fluorescent bulbs over his head flicker weakly. He shuts his eyes.

When Trevor opens his eyes again the room has gotten considerably darker.

The light is just dim enough now so that he can't see what's in the vending machine. He goes right up to the glass and peers into the machine, using his hand as a visor. The strain on his eyes intensifies his headache.

Kirsty SLAMS UP AGAINST THE GLASS INSIDE THE MACHINE. Now we realizes that the machine is filled with water.

She FLOATS there, POUNDING HER HANDS AGAINST THE GLASS, trying to get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor JOLTS BACKWARDS. Kirsty IS GONE.. He whirls around-

GWEN
See anything you like?

Trevor leaps back up against the machine.

GWEN
Well do you? Jesus what the hell was that?

Trevor scrambles for an answer. Nothing's coming.

GWEN
(angrily)
Come on speak up, I'm trying to run a business here. I can't have people hiding out in the break room when they should be slaving away at their desks.

TREVOR
Sorry I just kind of... spaced for a second there.

GWEN
Well don't let it happen again.
(Devilish smile)
Or I may have to spank you.

Gwen pushes Trevor back against the vending machine. Before he can react, she's kissing him -- hard. He struggles to free himself.

GWEN
You're not getting away that easy.

She traps him again.

TREVOR
Please, I don't know...

GWEN
How do you think you got this promotion?
(cozying up to him)
Mmm. I'm still tingling all over from the last time.

Trevor has no idea what she's talking about. Gwen strokes his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GWEN
What's wrong, Trev? It's me Gwen.
(grabs him)
I know what you like.

Trevor gently pushes her off him again.

TREVOR
Please, this is a little too fast for me.

GWEN
Don't tell me Mario Andretti is trying to
give me a speeding ticket?

TREVOR
Gwen, my wife's dead.

GWEN
I know-
(something clicks behind her
eyes)
- it's perfect.

QUICK FLASHES:

Kirsty's hand pounding on the windshield.

The car sinking into the lake.

The OLD MAN with a bright ORNATE RING.

FLASHBACK:

20 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT- NIGHT 20

Two NAKED BODIES slamming against each other ending in full
on climax.

Finally, over the images of erotica we hear Gwen's voice as
one of the characters.

GWEN (VO)
Yeah, Trevor that's it. That's
it.

END FLASHBACK:

21 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/BREAK ROOM- DAY 21

Trevor is now locking lips with a very AGGRESSIVE Gwen. His
hand is up her skirt. He snaps out of it and pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
 Jesus Christ.
 (panicked)
 What the hell are we doing?

GWEN
 Nothing we haven't done before.
 (real seductive)
 We'll pick this up later.
 (heads for the door)
 Now get some fucking work done.

She points to a surveillance camera on the wall.

GWEN (CONT'D)
 We're watching you.

And with that, she's gone. Trevor is frozen there. "What the fuck just happened?"

22 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY 22

Trevor walks back to his cubicle, still a little confused. A PING from his computer announces he has an INTEROFFICE MEMO-FILE ATTACHED. Trevor goes to the mailbox on his screen, clicks.

Up comes a QUICKTIME MOVIE. It's video surveillance footage of Gwen all over Trevor in the Break Room.

Trev looks around his cubicle. Takes another look at the QUICKTIME MOVIE. He stands up and peers across the outer office, looking for Gwen. He sits back down. Embarrassed, Trevor closes the attachment -- at least for now.

TREVOR'S PHONE RINGS. Startles him(and us). He picks it up.

TREVOR
 Hello.

LANGE
 (from phone)
 Trevor -- this is Detective Lange. It's about your wife.

23 INT. POLICE STATION/LANGE'S OFFICE- DAY 23

A run of the mill police station. DETECTIVE LANGE, plagued with a chronic case of post nasal drip, sits at his desk.

Trevor sits across from him. Behind Trevor is another empty desk. As Lange speaks he SNIFFS wetly every so often.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE
(to Trevor)
Thanks for coming down. How's that head
of yours feeling?

TREVOR
Where's my wife?

Lange takes out nasal drops and squeezes some in each nostril
as he speaks.

LANGE
We still haven't been able to locate her,
although missing persons turned up some
evidence that suggests foul play may have
been involved.

TREVOR
Foul play?

LANGE
For one thing there were no skid marks on
the bridge, the tires were all intact, and
from what we can tell, there's nothing
wrong internally with the vehicle either.
It's like the car was driven off the
bridge intentionally.

TREVOR
I just lost control. There was this --
animal -- in the middle of the road--

Lange sees it noted in the report.

LANGE
Yeah a goat... or something.

TREVOR
I swerved, and we went off the bridge. I
tried to get her out, but I couldn't.

LANGE
Look. We're at a real stalemate here
until we find her. Is there anything that
might have happened just before that
accident that you haven't mentioned?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR
(offended)
Look I've told you everything that I
remember.

LANGE
Hey don't take it the wrong way. I'm just
a guy doing my job here, OK? I mean
between your head injury and the fact
that you're still on some very strong
pain medication, you might be forgetting
a few details about the crash that could
help us-

Lange takes a deep hit of the nasal spray.

LANGE
And everything you have told us, could
just be the medication talking. That's
all.

CLOSE ON TREVOR'S FACE as he wrestles with this notion.

LANGE
So we'll be revisiting things a lot
around here. It's boring, it's a pain in
the ass, but it's what we do.

FLASH BACK:

24 INT. CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY 24

QUICK CUTS:

Trevor reaches for the map. Takes his eye off the road for a
split second.

He cuts the wheel hard. TOO HARD. The car swerves out of
control.

The car plummets toward the river below. Trevor and Kirsty
brace themselves. The car hits the surface...

UNDERWATER-

Trevor desperately trying to free Kirsty.

25 INT. POLICE STATION/LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY 25

BACK TO SCENE.

LANGE
Hey Trevor, you still in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor blinks and looks around him. Lange is sitting just where they were when he saw him last. Only now there's a very wary look on his face. Whoa.

TREVOR
Sorry. Just trying to remember...

Lange nods.

TREVOR
She was trapped inside.

LANGE
Well apparently she got out. And there in lies the problem. I won't keep you. If we have any more questions you'll get a call from myself or my partner Detective Givens.

Lange stands and backs up awkwardly to a file behind his desk. Trevor stares at him suspiciously.

TREVOR
You guys know something I don't?

LANGE
All things considered -- we probably know a lot less than you do. Have a good afternoon.

Trevor exits, both men maintain eye contact as the door closes between him.

26 EXT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

26

The bus pulls up to the curb. Trevor climbs out and starts walking down the empty street. As soon as the bus pulls away, the only sound heard is Trevor's footsteps.

POV BEHIND TREVOR: We see Trevor's back from a slight distance. Someone is following him.

Sensing this, Trevor looks behind him. Nothing but an empty sidewalk.

Trevor hurries his pace, almost there at his apartment building. He glances behind him again. Nope, nobody there.

Trevor takes his usual walk home. He looks for his friendly PITBULL.

TREVOR
Cotton, where are you buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COTTON steps out of the shadows cautiously, whimpering a little.

TREVOR
What's wrong buddy?

Cotton is looking past Trevor. Trevor turns and finds-

-A DARK FIGURE standing at the end of the street. Just staring at him. Watching him.

TREVOR
Can I help you?

No response. Trevor's getting a little aggravated.

TREVOR
I said can I help you?

The Dark Figure races off.

TREVOR
Hey!

Trevor takes off after him but loses him at the corner. Shit! He turns and heads towards his apartment.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT 28

Trevor walks into his apartment which he regards as strangely unfamiliar. As he glances around the room. An EERIE LIGHT out his window urges him to investigate. He draws the curtain open and GASPS.

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDOW:

29 EXT. HOTEL- NIGHT 29

Staring back at him, from a dimly lit window in the apartment building across the street, is-

- the DARK FIGURE that Trevor saw on the street. The light in the window winks out, rendering it dark again.

Trevor can still see the Dark Figure in the darkness still gazing at him. "What the fuck?"

30 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

30

Trevor looks a little sick all of a sudden, like he can't breathe.

THE BELL FROM A DISTANT CATHEDRAL begins to peel. BONG... BONG... BONG...

Trevor opens his mouth to draw in a breath but instead spits out a massive amount of water! BONG... BONG... BONG...

Trevor falls to the ground, arms and legs thrashing, heaving up mouthfuls of water. Trevor is drowning. BONG... BONG... BONG...

In the puddles of water, we see bits of debris: leaves, pebbles, a little mud, etc.

A hideous EEL-LIKE CREATURE launches it's head out of Trevor's gaping mouth -- slithers toward him across the floor. Trevor backs against the wall.

-THE RINGING BELL STOPS ABRUPTLY.

Trevor sucks in a lung full of air.

He's completely dry again. He looks around, taking in what just happened.

The BING-BONG! of his doorbell startles him.

Trevor gets the door to find a young GOTH WOMAN on the other side. Long black hair. Pale skinned. Dark lipstick and eyeliner -- but nothing too extreme. Her name is TAWNY.

Trevor clearly doesn't recognize her.

TAWNY

Here it is, what do you think?

She lifts up her shirt to just below her breasts.

Trevor looks down at her slightly pudgy stomach. A very INTRICATE TATTOO forms an arrow that disappears just below the waist of her jeans.

TAWNY

Almost got one on my ass but I think this is sexier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
(uncomfortable)
It's definitely... nice.

TAWNY
(a knowing wink)
I knew you'd like it.

He realizes he's just been staring at her this whole time.
Snaps out of it.

TREVOR
I'm sorry, I've just been having a weird
day... so I think I'm just gonna
straighten out the place a little and
kick back.

She looks past him into his apartment.

TAWNY
Definitely missing the woman's touch it
used to have. Well if you feel like
talking...
(coy smile, and she flashes her
tattoo)
you know where I am.

She jabs a thumb down the hall behind her.

TAWNY
Just knock.

TREVOR
I'll do that.

30A INT. TREVOR'S APT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

30A

She spins and bounces back to her apartment. Stops at the
door and turns back to find him staring at her.

TAWNY
You OK?

TREVOR
Not at all.

OFF TREVOR'S LOOK as it suddenly hits him we -

CUT TO:

31 INT. TREVOR'S APT. HALLWAY/CLOSET - NIGHT 31

Trevor looking through the closet in his bedroom. Kirsty's clothes are still hanging there. He runs his hand along one of her dresses. Sniffs it. Remembers her scent. Smiles.

Looking up he see a few boxes. He reaches up high to grab one. He can't quite reach.

From above we see a NICKEL PLATED PISTOL. He doesn't.

On his tip toes he reaches for a box full of VHS tapes, all hand-labeled: Kirsty & TREVOR, WEDDING VIDEO.

32 INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT 32

He puts one in the VCR, hits play. It's his FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY VIDEO.

Trevor watches the video and smiles for the first time.

The wedding portion of the tape ends and a not-so-clean edit takes us into the honeymoon.

CLOSE ON THE TV SCREEN. VIDEO FOOTAGE-

33 INT. HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT 33

Trevor holds the camera on Kirsty who is under the covers in a generic hotel room. She looks into camera as Trevor arranges the composition. There's a coldness between the two.

KIRSTY

You are obsessed with that thing.

Trevor adjusts the zoom and focus.

KIRSTY

Well other than the misfortune of our car breaking down in the middle of nowhere, how do you feel?

TREVOR

Feel?

KIRSTY

Hello!? Our anniversary. It's been five years...dear.

TREVOR (OC)

One thousand eight hundred twenty five days, forty three thousand eight hundred hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kirsty watches Trevor roam the room. She's very comfortable on camera. After an awkward silence.

TREVOR (OC)

I have to say it's been years since I've had the privilege of sleeping in a roadside motel.

KIRSTY

Right.

(changing the subject)

You don't suppose they have room service.

TREVOR

I don't suppose they have any service.

33A INT. TREVOR'S APT. 33A

Trevor watches the video, trying to recall the moment.

33B INT. HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT 33B

KIRSTY
(making an effort)
Put that thing away and come to bed. Come
on Trev, its our anniversary.

TREVOR (OC)
Hold on. First things first. I have
something for you.

Kirsty brightens up.

KIRSTY
Really. A gift!?

TREVOR
Something that should turn everything
around for us.

TREVOR'S HAND REACHES INTO FRAME.

He's holding a small wrapped GIFT.

TREVOR
For you. For everything you've given me.

She takes it. A coy smile.

KIRSTY
(astonished)
You bought me a gift..

TREVOR
I've been planning this for some time.

KIRSTY
I thought you weren't big on plans.

TREVOR
I wasn't... Until now.

They share a moment. Kirsty stares at him quietly through the camera.

TREVOR
Go ahead, open it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She quickly unwraps it and takes it out of its box. Guess what? IT'S THE PUZZLE BOX.

Kirsty can't believe it. It's found her -- AGAIN.

TREVOR
(off her look)
What's wrong?

She spins it in her hands.

THERE'S A WEIRD GLITCH in the video. Over this we hear a garbled-

KIRSTY
Where did you get this?

Suddenly Kirsty is FULL FRAME in the video.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIRSTY
(big smile)
Come here you.

He places the camera -- still rolling tape -- down on the night stand as she pulls him onto the bed.

The Puzzle Box is in the foreground as Kirsty mounts Trevor on the bed.

KIRSTY
Time for your present.

34 INT. TREVOR'S APT./ BEDROOM - NIGHT 34

BING BONG! The DOORBELL RINGS. Trevor leaps up and pops the tape out.

34A INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT 34A

He slowly walks to the door. He opens it to find a pitch dark hallway.

TREVOR
Hello? Who's out there?

34B INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 34B

Trevor hears something near the end of the hall. He moves to the investigate.

Nothing. He heads back to his apartment. Walks in-

34C INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 34C

Shuts the door and dead-bolts it, when GWEN steps up behind him. Startles him.

GWEN
Miss me?

Trevor has no idea what's happening here.

TREVOR
Gwen you scared the shit out of me. What are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pushes him inside toward the chair in the middle of the room and sits him in it.

GWEN
The innocent bit is getting old. Shoe.

Gwen puts one foot on his chest.

GWEN
Come on don't make me beat you.

Trevor pulls the shoe off.

GWEN
Other shoe.

Trevor does the same for the other foot. She pats his head.

GWEN
Good boy.
(looking around)
Where is it?

TREVOR
What?

GWEN
Our little toy. You usually have it up
and running by now.

TREVOR
Gwen I don't know-

GWEN
- I'll get it.

SMASH CUT TO:

34D INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

34D

a VIDEO CAMERA on a tripod taping Gwen kissing Trevor on the easy chair.

The cable from the camera runs all the way to the TV where WE SEE what's happening as well.

It's intense. Gwen is on top. Gwen aggressively pulls Trevor's shirt off then goes for his belt. Trevor suddenly grabs her hands.

GWEN
You're kidding me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
I'm sorry Gwen. I just can't.

Gwen climbs off the chair and throws her jacket back on.

GWEN
You have definitely got a screw loose.
Stuffing her feet in her shoes.

GWEN
You just lost your bonus.
Gwen's out the door. Trevor looks relieved.

He's about to turn the TV off and stow away his camera. He looks at the TV and freezes.

THE IMAGE ON THE TV shows that Gwen is still there, undressing Video Trevor, and he's giving in, kissing her back, pulling her clothes off.

Real Trevor looks at the camera. The red "record"light is flashing. Trevor turns back to the TV -

TREVOR
What the hell?

He waves a hand in front of the camera and his hand actually appears on the TV in front of the sex image.

Trevor and Gwen make love in the video. Video Trevor turns to the camera (to Trevor) and gives a menacing smile.

Video Trevor looks back up at Gwen, who smiles down at him carnivorously. She licks her lips.

A MALE CENOBITE and a FEMALE CENOBITE appear to walk out from the walls in the video. Freakish but somehow incredibly sexy at the same time.

Real Trevor pans the camera in their direction and they are GONE. He pans the camera back to Gwen.

VIDEO GWEN
There's one thing I should have told you right from the beginning Trevor.

VIDEO TREVOR
What's that?

VIDEO GWEN
I like it pretty rough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly TWO HANDS REACH INTO FRAME and-

- SLAP A PLASTIC BAG OVER GWEN'S HEAD, yanking it tight around her throat. She keeps riding Trevor as she starts to suffocate, totally loving the rush.

TREVOR SCREAMS-

35 INT. HOSPITAL ER/TREVOR'S BED-DAY

35

TREVOR

No!

Allison stands above him -- a BIC RAZOR in her gloved hand. Trevor's face is covered with shaving cream.

ALLISON

Sorry I thought you were going to stay under longer.

Trevor has several electrodes attached to his cranium. They're connected to an EEG which BEEPS LOUDLY.

TREVOR

What's happening to me? What are you doing?

ALLISON

You came in for your EEG. You fell asleep in the middle and well, I took the liberty of... I'm sorry. You looked like a wreck Trevor.

TREVOR

I just had the most vivid dream. I was...

ALLISON

Well you weren't.... You're safe now. And as long as you're awake, chin up.

Allison continues shaving his neck. Trevor studies her face.

ALLISON

Well? What do you say Trevor? Que pasa?

TREVOR

(groggily)

My head feels like it's been sent through a meat grinder. I'm not sure if I'm dreaming or...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

There's one good thing about your condition. Everything is new and exciting -- like you're seeing it for the first time. Maybe you'll see things a little differently from now on.

TREVOR

I already am.

ALLISON

Well the best is yet to come.

Trevor stares at Allison. Something about her is different now. They've made a connection. Allison smiles and wipes his face clean with a towel.

TREVOR

What happened to me? Its like a part of my memory has been carved out of my head.

ALLISON

You just need to relax.

Allison readies a Hypodermic injection for Trevor.

TREVOR

No I need to remember. Look whatever it is your putting in those needles, take me off it. I can handle pain. What I can't handle is not knowing...

ALLISON

You need to get better first. And that's going to take time. Stop being in such a hurry to blame yourself. It was an accident.

TREVOR

Wish I could believe that.

36 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

36

Trevor is on his computer typing madly. ON THE SCREEN WE SEE he has accessed the local newspaper. He calls up an article reading: ACCIDENT LEAVES ONE HOSPITALIZED ANOTHER MISSING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at a newspaper picture of the bridge, which is humming with rescue activity.

TREVOR'S HEAD IS POUNDING. He pulls out a bottle of aspirin.

Trevor empties the last of the bottle's six tablets into his hand, downs them, chases them with what's left of an economy sized bottle of Mylanta.

Bret pops in head over the cubicle.

BRET
Must be nice.

Bret walks around and into Trevors cubicle.

TREVOR
What?

BRET
Getting paid for doing shit.

Trevor glances over the cubicle, then turns back to Bret.

TREVOR
Look I got a lot going on right now, so give me a break.

BRET
That's all I've been giving you, but I can't carry your ass any longer. I'm up to my neck in my own crap as it is. I don't need any of yours.

TREVOR
You don't understand. I've got some seriously weird shit going on and I can't even explain half of it.

Bret sits. Now he's got his attention.

BRET
I must say, I'm intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trevor makes sure nobody in the office is listening.

TREVOR
Last night I'm sitting up watching some
old videos, just trying to make sense of
it all -- put a few pieces of the puzzle
together -- when there's a knock at my
door.

BRET
(sly smile)
"Dear Penthouse..."I'm with ya'. Go on.

TREVOR
So I answer it.

BRET
Of course you do.

TREVOR
And it's Gwen.

Bret freezes.

TREVOR
And she is all over me. I had to fight
her off.

Now Bret's eyes are bulging.

BRET
GWEN?

TREVOR
And not just last night. Yesterday, in
the break room.

BRET
You are one sick motherfucker.

TREVOR
What?

BRET
Gwen's dead man. She killed herself a
couple of days before your accident.
(acts it out)
Remember she put that plastic bag on her
head and suffocated herself? Man she was
into some weird shit. It's always the
quiet ones.

Trevor is speechless. Bret studies him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRET

You really don't remember do you?

Still nothing from Trevor. We're losing him. Bret gets up, grabs his coffee cup and heads for the break room.

BRET

That accident fucked you up more than I thought.

Trevor is frozen. DING, DING! He's got mail!

He turns and finds JPEG IMAGES of the crime scene photos from Gwen's suicide with the header "POLICE FILE."

TREVOR

(to himself)

Jesus Christ...

He tries to delete them but nothing's working. Bret's on his way back from the break room. Shit! Trevor dives to cover the screen as Bret gets closer.

BRET

You have got to chill.

Trevor looks down. The JPEGs are gone. PHEW!

TREVOR

I think I've lost my mind, and now I'm finding pieces of it scattered on the side of the road, like the parts of a wrecked car.

BRET

Bad metaphor. Bud you need to decompress. I told you that you'd come back to work too soon.

Trevor says nothing.

BRET

Hey you know what? I'm going to hook you up man. Here...

Bret disappears behind the cubicle divider. We hear him scribbling something down.

His hand reappears over the divider holding a post-it with a name and an address on it. Trevor takes and notes the name. SAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRET
She'll take one look at you and know
exactly what you need.

36A EXT. SAGE'S OFFICE - DAY 36A

Trevor looks for Sage's name on the directory. He buzzes up
and she lets him in.

37 INT. SAGE'S OFFICE - DAY 37

A block of ice rests on a wooden table. A large pick slams
down breaking off a chunks of ice.

The ice is dropped on a tray of packaged acupuncture pins.

A chart of all the puncture points on the human body is
tacked to the wall.

Trevor lies on the table. SAGE, a gorgeous ethereal Indian
woman is at the far end, hovering over the soles of his feet,
sticking pins into the appropriate places. She looks up at
him slyly through her red tinted glasses.

SAGE
These headaches you've been getting. Do
they happen in conjunction with the
hallucinations?

Sage walks over to one of the cabinets, gathering more
acupuncture needles. Runs one across her blood red lips.

Trevor can't help but notice her shapely body, her feline
gait. Sage throws a sultry glance over her shoulder at him.

SAGE
Well?

TREVOR
(unsure of himself)
Yes, sort of. My head's been in constant
pain since the... accident. And it
increases whenever I slip into another --
I don't know what you'd call them...

Sage comes back to him, several needles in one hand. She
looks into his eyes.

SAGE
Dreams?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

More like nightmares. But they seem so
real. Like I'm awake but I've crossed
over into some other dimension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAGE

That's your subconscious talking. It's trying to tell you something about your waking life.

Sage begins inserting the needles fluidly to his upper body. For the first time Trevor actually feels a relief of pressure in his head.

TREVOR

OK, whatever that was...do it again. You just freed me of the world's longest headache.

SAGE

Just relax. Let the needles connect to your soul.

Trevor winces with the next needle.

SAGE

Pleasure is always surrounded by pain. They're one and the same really -- it's just a matter of degrees.

She inserts another needle. First Trevor winces in pain -- but it's followed by a wave of pleasure that rushes over him.

TREVOR

I see what you mean.

There's an unique antique LOOKING GLASS MIRROR positioned on the floor at the head of the table.

TREVOR

What's with the mirror?

SAGE

To help you look into your soul.

A PHONE OUTSIDE THE OFFICE RINGS. Sage looks up at the door.

SAGE

Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

Trevor watches Sage EXIT the office. He lies there a moment, bathing in warm sunshine. He is relaxed, pain free.

Behind him, an acupuncture anatomy chart on the wall. It begins to change its shape. IT MORPHS (or economically changes) into PINHEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Trevor is oblivious as PINHEAD approaches, doll eyes betraying no feeling whatsoever. Pinhead reaches for Trevor's head and begins pulling out one of those infamous pins. It comes out quickly-

-IT THEN MORPHS INTO A FOOTLONG RAZOR SHARP PIN.

Trevor hears a noise and thinks that Sage has returned.

TREVOR
I'm thinking this might just be what I
needed.

Pinhead speaks but in Sage's voice as he pushes the pin towards Trevor's back .

PINHEAD
No matter what happens just remember...

Before Trevor can react, Pinhead suddenly jabs the pin down into Trevor's back, pinning him to the table! It sears his skin. In Pinheads recognizable voice...

PINHEAD
We're all here for you Trevor.

As Trevor reels in terror, Pinhead pulls another PIN from his head, IT GROWS IN LENGTH, and he thrusts this one into Trevor's other side!

PINHEAD
So which do you find more exhilarating?
The pleasure -- or the pain?

The needle comes right out the other side, nailing itself into the table. Trevor can't believe he's still alive!

PINHEAD
(leans in close)
Personally I prefer pain. Much more
truthful.

Pinhead pulls one more out, aims this one at Trevor's neck, and swings down. Trevor arches back in pain and screams as-

SAGE
Is there something wrong?

Pinhead's gone. Sage is back. Trevor's eyes dart around. His breathing is quick. He pulls it back together.

TREVOR
No I'm... I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

And that's when Trevor's CELL PHONE RINGS. Sage grabs it out of his jacket and hands it to him.

TREVOR

Yeah.

GIVENS

Trevor this is Detective Givens, Lange's partner.

TREVOR

How can I help you?

GIVENS

You can talk to me.

38 INT. POLICE STATION/LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

38

Same office only Trevor is sitting at the other desk across from a hawklike MAN looking over Trevor's file. This is Detective MITCH GIVENS. If good cop/bad cop is the scheme here, he's the latter.

TREVOR

I don't understand. How is this a homicide case? I mean nobody was murdered... Her body's missing and...

GIVENS

What did you just say?

TREVOR

I said she's missing-

GIVENS

No. You said HER BODY's missing.

TREVOR

What's the difference?

GIVENS

Last time anybody saw this woman she was alive. You seem pretty certain she's dead.

TREVOR

(tearing up)

I saw her drowning inside the car, detective.

GIVENS

I've done my homework on you, man. You're real smart with numbers aren't ya'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
It's what I do for a living.

GIVENS
Zero's a number right?

TREVOR
As in one minus one equals zero yes.
Where are you going with this?

GIVENS
How many zeros was your wife worth?

Trevor doesn't follow him.

TREVOR
We had nothing.

GIVENS
You had nothing. She had a little
inheritance stashed away for a rainy day.

TREVOR
What?

GIVENS
Don't play stupid. Kirsty's father and
uncle Frank had several sizeable
financial holdings when they... passed
away-
(shuffles through files)
-under some very unusual circumstances.

TREVOR
She never wanted to talk about the past.

GIVENS
Or maybe she just didn't trust you. Looks
like she was the sole beneficiary.

Trevor's mind races. "What fucking inheritance?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GIVENS

But now if Kirsty's dead -- as you seem so fucking certain -- then I guess that means....it all goes to you.

(beat)

Looks like your working days are over pal.

TREVOR

I swear to God, I didn't know anything about that.

GIVENS

That's all I keep hearing from you. Now my partner Detective Lange, he's a little softer around the heart, but me -- I'm as hard as they come. And when I get a feeling about something -- I'm usually right. And I got a bad feeling about you Trev. Real bad.

A stare down between the two men..

TREVOR

Are we done?

Givens leans in close. Smiles.

GIVENS

Oh no...the pain is just beginning.

Trevor gets up and storms out of the office.

39 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

39

Trevor is marching down the hallway when suddenly all the SOUND drops out from the picture. SILENCE.

Everything is moving slower. Something catches Trevor's eyes in one of the offices.

HIS POV of a COP sitting with his feet up on the desk. He picks up a piece of paper and in a BLINK OF THE EYE twists it into a little ORIGAMI FIGURE. He turns to Trevor with soulless eyes -- and smiles.

40 EXT. KIRCHER'S ALLEY - DAY

40

FLASHBACK. CLOSE ON the business car "All Problems Solved."

Trevor matches the address on the card with a door at the end of the alley. There's a faded WOODEN SIGN that creaks as it swings above the door-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"KIRCHER EXOTIC IMPORTS/MANUFACTURING EST. 1888"

Trevor walks up to the door and steps inside.

41 INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS/WAREHOUSE-DAY 41

Trevor steps into what looks like an old abandoned warehouse.

He finds a staircase and walks down it, disappearing into the darkness below.

41A INT. LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR - DAY 41A

He hears the distant HUMMING, ZIPPING and PUNCHING of SEWING MACHINES. Trevor follows the sounds.

He walks past several small cubicle type spaces where OLD ASIAN WOMEN sit hunched over sewing machines, sewing away.

One of them looks up at Trevor and smiles without missing a stitch, then returns to her sewing.

Trevor moves on past the sewing mannequins, piles of cloth, etc., to another cubicle. There sits an enormous woman, oddly dressed in black leather, and a tight mask around her face.

He continues past her, stepping through a LARGE PUDDLE OF WATER that has formed below an old air conditioner.

42 INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS/LOWER LEVEL OFFICE - DAY 42

One light dangles in the center of the room, barely lighting a lone wooden table.

The rest is all shadows except for some burning incense and a few scattered candles lighting three pedestals.

One pedestal has HUMAN BONES scattered on it. One has a plate of DOVES HEADS on it. The third and final pedestal has a TRAY OF NEEDLES on it. A disembodied voice speaks from the shadows.

VOICE
Please, sit.

Trevor takes a seat at the table. Squints to see past the darkness but it's impossible.

An OLD MAN appears in the doorway, careful to stay in the shadows. We never get a clear look at him, but from the glimpses of features we do see, we can tell that he is Asian -
- and very old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One thing we notice for sure is THE RING on the Old Man's finger. Intricate, exotic, beautiful.

The Old Man slips into some sort of "Zone". His speech is distant -- impassive.

OLD MAN
I can see into your soul. You feel,
desperate.....trapped by a wife who
suffocates you with forgiveness.

TREVOR
Yes.

Trevor nods his head.

OLD MAN
You wish to find a way out. Something
final and absolute. Without remorse.
Without regret.

TREVOR
That's right.

OLD MAN
I have the answer you seek.

TREVOR
What is it?

While the Old Man speaks Trevor takes in more of the room. Erotic, sometimes grotesque sculptures, paintings, and other collectibles from all over the world depicting lust, ecstasy, and torture surround them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD MAN

A map. A Talisman that will lead your soul down the path to freedom. Freedom from the conflict that torments your soul -- from the conflict that brought you here. There are several of these maps in existence. One is in a vault in the Vatican, hidden in code in ancient writings, another in a monastery in the Himalayas. A third is a topiary maze in Berlin. Still a fourth in the form of an Origami exercise.

He pushes a small ORIGAMI FIGURE across the table. We recognize it as the one the COP made in the police station.

OLD MAN

Wherever there is hate, violence, and human depravity -- a door will always be found.

(beat)

But the fifth -- the ultimate passage -- is contained within this musical puzzle box created by a Frenchman named Lemarchand.

He places a ROUND version of the PUZZLE BOX into the light.

He pushes the puzzle box towards Trevor. As it rolls across the table the box turns and twists on itself until it morphs into the PUZZLE BOX we all know and love.

OLD MAN

The box is a means to break the surface of the real. Some are destined to master the puzzle immediately, while others will spend a lifetime trying to solve it. Once you choose to cross the threshold, you cannot return. Do you understand?

Trevor reaches for it, but it slides away from him.

TREVOR

I do.

OLD MAN

And are you willing to pay the price?

Trevor slaps down a huge wad of bills. The Old Man smiles.

OLD MAN

Oh the price is far greater, but you'll learn that. They all do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Trevor grabs the box and with that a DOZEN BLACK BIRDS soar out from behind the Old Man towards Trevor. Trevor raises his arms to defend himself and we-

SMASH CUT TO:

43 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY 43

Back in the hallway. Trevor's arms raised in front of him.

LANGE
Trevor. You OK?

Trevor snaps out of it.

TREVOR
Yeah. I'm fine. Just another headache.

LANGE
Can I get you anything?

Trevor shakes it off.

TREVOR
No. I'm... I'm good.

Lange backs into the office behind him and that's when we notice a STRANGE CONDENSATION on the window behind where Lange was standing. Like a breath.

44 INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT 44

The TV is on. Trevor flips through the channels. Nothing on. Trevor turns the TV off. Something makes him turn to the window.

45 EXT. HOTEL- NIGHT 45

-HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDOW:

The apartment across the street is lit. The DARK FIGURE is standing in the window.

Trevor jumps up and rushes over to his window. He looks OUT and sees a woman undressing in the window. She turns, sees him looking at her and abruptly pulls down the blind.

46 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT- NIGHT 46

A SUDDEN KNOCKING AT THE DOOR makes him flinch. Trevor goes to the door, opens it to find:

TAWNY. Now in full on GOTH MODE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAWNY
Hey. Can I borrow something?

TREVOR
Uh... sure... what?

TAWNY
You.

She pushes him into the apartment. Closes the door.

TREVOR
Tawny? What are you doing?

TAWNY
YOU!

She pushes him up against the kitchen counter. Starts to kiss him. He pulls away.

TAWNY
You okay?

TREVOR
Feeling kind of weird actually.

TAWNY
Really?

Tawny grabs Trevor's balls and he jumps away as if jolted by a cattle-prod.

TAWNY
I'm kinda feeling nuts myself!

TREVOR
Can we... slow it down a bit?

TAWNY
(grinning)
God. Sometimes you can be such an animal.
Other times you are the ultimate tease...
(beat)
It's getting hot in here.

Tawny walks over to the kitchen table. She unzips and slips out of her leather skirt, pulls one of the chairs away from the table, and drops onto it. Trevor doesn't respond.

TAWNY
Your are a little weird tonight.

She unbuttons her shirt, matter of factly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAWNY (CONT'D)
 Almost like I'm with somebody else.
 (with a smile)
 C'Mon, tie me up Trevor.

She pulls out some rope and cloth from her bag. Rips off a length of cloth. RRRRRRRRRRRRRip. Trevor is speechless. She beckons him with a finger motion.

TAWNY
 Come here. Come on....

Slowly, Trevor advances toward her. She stands up and tenderly kisses him. Finally, he gives in and the passion starts from there.

With a swoop of her arm she clears the kitchen table. She pushes Trevor onto the table, and rips open his shirt. She kisses Trevor, and for the first time, he kisses back. Tawny pulls away for air.

TAWNY (cont'd)
 (smiles)
 That's the Trev I know and love.

The two bury their hands underneath each others clothing.

Trevor spins around and sits Tawny on the table. Trevors pants drop and...

The table is practically skipping across the floor, Tawny and Trevor holding on for dear life.

Closes his eyes. Loves it. Trevor is lost.

He opens his eyes. When they open again, he's face to face with a-

- A leather-clad CENOBITE.

Trevor looks up to the Cenobite. Before he can react, a horrific mechanism of wood and steel is strapped about his neck and mouth..

Trevor's eyes widen. He can't breath. The Cenobite begins to turn a crank on the mechanism which tightens it over Trevor's mouth and head.

The sound of bones crunching, and skin tearing seem to delight the Cenobite.

His head is about to bust open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR CAN'T BREATHE.

47 INT. TREVOR'S APT./BEDROOM - MORNING 47

Trevor is startled awake. He's eyes darting around.

He looks next to him on the bed. No Tawny. Thank God. It was only a nightmare.

He leaps out of bed and that's when he realizes his hands are covered in blood. And there's a trail of blood leading into-

48 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - MORNING 48

Trevor pokes his head out of the bedroom. Doesn't know what he'll find but he knows it's not good. He takes a few careful steps into the kitchen.

AND THAT'S WHEN HE SEES HER.

TAWNY-

- Bound to a chair in the middle of the room with ropes and straps and gagged with a white cloth that is soaked with blood. Her eyes are bulging and her head has been snapped to one side.

49 INT. TREVOR'S APT./BATHROOM - MORNING 49

Trevor splashes his face with cold water, trying to get his composure back. He stares at the water rushing down the drain for a moment.

THE ONLY SOUND HE HEARS is the water whooshing. His breathing stabilizes. He finally looks up at his reflection in the mirror to find-

- PINHEAD staring back at him.

PINHEAD
All problems solved.

Trevor jolts backward in shock and does a double take. It's him now, looking completely unhinged.

50 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY 50

Trevor races back into the kitchen to find that-

TAWNY IS GONE. No blood, no chains, no signs. Everything is back to normal. Or is it?

51 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DAY 51

Trevor carefully makes his way to Tawny's apartment. Knocks. Nothing. Knocks again. Nothing. BANGS HIS FIST ON THE DOOR.

TAWNY answers the door, looking utterly pissed off.

TAWNY
Can I help you?

TREVOR
Tawny... You're-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor goes to embrace her. She shrinks back, startled.

TAWNY
Whoa, I have serious space issues, dude.
What do you want?

TREVOR
I... we need to talk, there's something
really strange going on...

TAWNY
(a look of recognition)
Hey you're the guy from down the hall.

TREVOR
Come on, quit fucking around. Listen it's
about... what we did last night.

TAWNY
(utterly shocked)
WHAT?!

A VERY DEEP VOICE comes from somewhere behind her.

VOICE
Who the fuck is that?

TAWNY
It's that guy from down the hall. He
thinks we did something with him last
night.

TREVOR
Who's in there with you...?

Tawny looks aghast.

TAWNY
Are you like, having a nervous breakdown
or something?

Suddenly an her BOYFRIEND -- football player type -- wide as
he is tall steps in behind her. She slips back behind him.

BOYFRIEND
What can we do for you, chief?

TREVOR
I... who are you?

BOYFRIEND
You know Tawny, you better know me, pal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR
I don't want any trouble. Must be a
mistake... I'll see you later.

BOYFRIEND
Much.

Trevor turns and hurries off. Boyfriend turns to Tawny who shrugs and makes a twirly motion at her temple. The two go back into her apartment.

52 INT. TREVOR'S APT. - DAY 52

Trevor steps back in as his answering machine picks up an incoming call. BEEP!

LANGE'S VOICE
(from answering machine)
This is Detective Lange. We need to talk
as soon as possible. There's been an
interesting twist in the puzzle.

The word hits Trevor like a shot.

53 INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - DAY 53

Trevor marches up to Lange's office -- a man on the edge. Stops at the frosted glass door when he hears Lange and Givens talking on the other side.

GIVENS (OC)
I told you Trevor was our man all along.

LANGE (OC)
I still don't see it.

GIVENS (OC)
You will.

Trevor practically kicks the door open, but he finds-

54 INT. POLICE STATION/ LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY 54

- Lange at his desk eating a sandwich. ALONE. "What the fuck?"

TREVOR
Where's my wife Detective?

LANGE
I assure you we are doing everything
within our-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

- Then why did you leave that message on my machine?

LANGE

(confused)

I don't know what you're talking about.

Trevor SLAMS his hand down on Lange's desk and gets right in his face.

TREVOR

LIAR!

The other Detectives spin to the sound and are ready to leap on Trevor, but Lange holds them off with a look.

LANGE

Come on over to my desk and take a seat.

Trevor takes a few deep breaths and collects himself.

LANGE

Listen as long as you're here, I do have a few questions...what was your relationship with Gwen Stevens?

And that's when BRET walks out of the INTERROGATION ROOM with another DETECTIVE.

Trevor and Bret lock eyes as Givens leads Bret out. Bret shakes his head "No" as if to say "I didn't tell them."

LANGE

(I'm waiting)

Trevor?

TREVOR

She was my boss.

LANGE

And that's it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR
 (insulted)
 Yeah, that's it.
 (then it occurs to him)
 What did Bret tell you?

LANGE
 Nothing. Basic time line stuff. Last time
 he saw her, did she have any enemies..?
 We don't leave any stone un-turned,
 Trevor.

TREVOR
 You think I did it...

LANGE
 Look, I'm on your side here.

Trevor loses his patience.

TREVOR
 (a stern whisper)
 Then tell me what the fuck is going on!

Lange leans in close.

LANGE
 I wish I could.

CONTINUED:

56 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY/ALLISON'S OFFICE AREA- DAY 56

Trevor walks down a corridor leading to Allison's office. He looks over to a gurney parked across the hall. A sickly patient stares at him, expressionless. Trevor knocks on her door and enters.

57 INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE- DAY 57

Trevor enters.

ALLISON
Well hello. Not coming in through the
emergency room. That's a start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor enters and pulls up a seat. A quiet moment.

ALLISON
Trevor, what's wrong.

TREVOR
These hallucinations I'm having. I think they're linked to the blocked memories coming back to me.

ALLISON
That's not necessarily a bad thing is it?

TREVOR
(long beat)
Allison I think I really... screwed everything up.

ALLISON
Shhh. Don't blame yourself Trevor.

TREVOR
I miss her. I miss my wife.

ALLISON
I know.

TREVOR
Was there anything I said while I was under sedation that made you stop and wonder, you know, "where did that come from?"

ALLISON
There was one time where you got a little strange on me. You kept saying the same thing over and over.

TREVOR
What?

ALLISON
"Jealousy arouses a husband's fury, and he will show no mercy when he takes revenge."

Trevor's expression gets serious. After a moment of silence.

ALLISON
Were you two happy together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Yeah -- in the beginning. We hated being away from each other. But then it started to fall apart. I spent too much time at work -- and with other women. But we were putting it back together. It was working. At least I think it was.

(blames himself)

Guess it was just too late.

Allison puts her hand onto Trevor's. A quiet moment.

ALLISON

Sounds like your are remembering more and more. That's good, Trevor. You might not be the angel you thought you were.

Trevor looks at her with sadness.

ALLISON

Hey, you're going to get through this.

TREVOR

Thanks.

We hear an AMBULANCE SIREN approaching in the distance.

ALLISON

I gotta get back to work.

She turns and heads down the hall.

TREVOR

Hey Doc.

ALLISON

Yeah.

TREVOR

You're pretty good at what you do.

They share a smile.

ALLISON

Thanks.

58 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/ HALLWAY - DAY

58

Bret struts down the hall looking like the cat that's just swallowed the canary. Trevor catches up to him from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
Bret we need to talk.

Bret quickens his pace.

BRET
Look Trev, I'm really, really busy, I got a stack of reports due by three, and the suits upstairs are all over my ass to finish.

TREVOR
What did you tell the Police?

BRET
Nothing that they didn't already know.

TREVOR
What the hell does that mean?

BRET
That I didn't tell them anything that they didn't already know.

They turn the corner into-

59 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/ TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

59

Trevor is getting a little aggravated.

TREVOR
Bret help me out here. They think I did
it.

BRET
Did what?

They reach Trevor's cubicle.

TREVOR
(stern whisper)
Killed Kirsty.

LANGE IS THERE waiting for him. Sitting in Trevor's seat.
Shit, did he hear them?

BRET
(to Lange)
I've got a report to finish.

Bret slips away. Trevor doesn't like any part of this
unwelcome visit.

TREVOR
Make yourself at home.

Lange raises a cup of coffee.

LANGE
Already did.

TREVOR
Yes, I can see that.

Trevor sits in another chair.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Why are you here, Detective?

LANGE
I don't want to take up a lot of your
time Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lange pulls something out of his pocket. It's The PUZZLE BOX sealed in a ziploc. He lays it on the desk, in front of Trevor. Trevor can't hide his feeling of dread.

LANGE

We found this curious little object not too far from the site of the accident. No prints -- but forensics scraped a little dark residue that was caked on it. Want to take a guess what they found?

TREVOR

I'm sure you're going to tell me.

LANGE

It's blood Trevor. Matched some blood we took off your car seat. Can you tell me anything about it?

TREVOR

Looks vaguely familiar. Like a lot of things these days. I think it was in the car...

LANGE

(sarcastic)

Gee you think so?

Lange puts the cube back in his pocket and stands up.

LANGE

Think about it Trevor. Try to give me something to go on here. I got Givens ready to drag you in today on murder charges. Help me get him off my back. Off your back.

Lange gives Trevor a pat on the back. Trevor drops his head.

TREVOR

It was an accident Detective, just like I've been saying. Somebody's gotta' to believe me.

LANGE

I believe you Trevor. But so far, I'm the only one who does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lange gets up and EXITS. Trevor stays seated, after a beat he stands up looking over his cubicle and sees-

- DETECTIVE GIVENS staring back at him from the door.

GIVENS
Good seeing you again.

Trevor sits back down. Trevor suddenly clutches his head.
THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

He turns around and there's BRET LEANING AGAINST his desk ,
staring at him.

BRET
Look, I'm sorry.
(beat, looks around)
We need to talk.

60 INT. CUBIC ROUTE/ BREAK ROOM - DAY 60

Bret practically drags Trevor inside. Another EMPLOYEE walks in. Bret grabs a set of darts and pretends to be playing.

TREVOR
So what's up?

BRET
It's getting too weird around here. I quit. Today's my last day. Seems like it's the perfect time to say "Fuck You" to the morons around here and make a serious change.

TREVOR
Bret that's-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRET

- I know -- you got your little golden egg on the way, and that's cool, but the rest of us gotta make it happen for ourselves. This ain't paying the bills for me anymore. We're not all drinking from the cash cow like your wife was.

TREVOR

What are you talking about?

BRET

What am I talking about? The M...O...N...E...Y. Don't play stupid man.

(off his look)

Kirsty's inheritance. I'm talking about the plan.

(looks around)

And let's not talk about it here.

Trevor clearly doesn't remember the conversation. Then it hits him.

TREVOR

What did you tell Lange?

BRET

- Trev come on-

TREVOR

Did you tell him about the inheritance -- and Gwen...

BRET

I didn't tell them anything.

(beat)

We're all here for you Trev.

Bret throws a dart with extra m.p.h. It misses the board entirely and hits the wall. Trevor winces in pain suddenly. He touches his head and looks at his fingers. Fresh blood.

QUICK FLASH CUTS:

The OLD ASIAN MAN giving Trevor the PUZZLE BOX.

THE HOTEL ROOM. Trevor giving Kirsty the puzzle box.

The CAR LAUNCHING off the bridge.

TREVOR trapped in the car under water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trevor launches back awake, his arms flailing. He smashes a glass container of sugar off the table. Cuts his hand pretty bad.

BRET

Jesus buddy. Lost you there for a second.

Trevor's head starts to pound. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR
I gotta go.

BRET
Let me give you-

But Trevor is out the door.

BRET
- a ride.

61 INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT 61

Trevor frantically dials. He's got a makeshift bandage wrapped around his hand.

TREVOR
Yeah hi, I need to talk to Dr. Allison Dormere. What do you mean she's not there? She's always there. She's a resident. Can you look again? Please. PLEASE!

They hang up on him. He hangs up. Wants to throw the phone, but doesn't. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the POST IT with Sage's phone number and address on it.

62 OMITTED 62

63 INT. SAGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 63

Trevor's head hits the pillow on the acupuncture table.

TREVOR
It feels like somebody stuck a shard of glass through my eye and embedded it halfway into my brain.

Sage nods, patient look on her face. She begins to apply the acupuncture.

SAGE
Trevor your body has been completely healed. All the nerve endings have repaired themselves. If there is any pain in your head it's... in your head.

TREVOR
Well it's getting awful crowded in there.

SAGE
Physically -- you're better. It's your soul that still hurts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sage grabs a more needles from the table. Cools them on the ice.

SAGE

There's a puncture point on your body that can lock your soul within it, even after you're dead. So that when you die you're trapped inside your body, watching it corrode for all eternity.

TREVOR

Look, whatever your Maharajah, told you, forget it. You've got to get this fucking pain to stop.

SAGE

It was an analogy. Your soul is locked up inside you. You need to free it Trevor. You've blocked yourself from the healing process. That's what we need to do now. Heal your soul. And to do that you have to give in utterly and without any hesitation or doubt. Do you know what I mean by giving in? It's about trust. Do you trust me implicitly?

TREVOR

I don't even know what's real and what isn't anymore. How can I trust anyone?

SAGE

You can trust me.

Sage looks at Trevor in a whole new way. She gently touches his chest.

SAGE

Surrender yourself to your past. It's the only way you can become whole again.

Sage looks Trevor dead in the eye.

SAGE

Are you willing to partake?

TREVOR

I surrender...

Trevor closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trevor finally opens his eyes to find...

... Sage in on top of Trevor! And she's making love to his body, which is now filled with needles!

TREVOR
What the hell is this...

SAGE
(whispering)
Surrender yourself... surrender
yourself...

Sage pulls a large ICE PICK off her wall of weapons display and raises it. And just when we think she's about to thrust into Trevor's chest-

CRACK, CRACK! She uses it to chip some ice off a BLOCK OF ICE resting in a nearby bucket.

She takes a small chunk of the ice and begins rubbing it on Trevor's chest. He catches his breath at the cold and begins to shiver.

THE SIREN FROM AN APPROACHING AMBULANCE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER, piercing Trevor's ears.

Trevor winces in pain and blocks his ears from the noise.

64 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

64

Trevor's eye rivet open again. A PARAMEDIC is snapping his fingers, readying a hypodermic.

PARAMEDIC
Can you hear me? Just nod.

Trevor nods.

PARAMEDIC
Do you know where you are?

TREVOR
Ambulance.

PARAMEDIC
We're just gonna take some blood here.

The other paramedic sticks a needle in Trevor's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC
Do you know what day it is?

Trevor shakes his head. The paramedic holds up two fingers.

PARAMEDIC
Okay, how many fingers am I holding up?

TREVOR
Two.

PARAMEDIC
Now we're talkin'. Can you follow them?

Paramedic moves his hand left to right.

PARAMEDIC
You remember what happened back there?

TREVOR
The car went off the bridge.

PARAMEDIC
(laughing)
You were riding on the bus and just
collapsed on the floor, out cold.
Remember being on a bus now?

TREVOR
No... maybe... I don't know.

The Paramedic looks up to see if the driver is listening.
Leans into Trevor.

PARAMEDIC
Listen pal, I know we all got our
personal problems -- God knows I gotta
few demons of my own to deal with -- but
take my advice on this one -- it really
isn't a good idea to be screamin' that
shit on public transportation.

TREVOR
What are you talking about?

PARAMEDIC
(whispers)
Who the hell is Kirsty?

Trevor launches up from the gurney and grabs him.

TREVOR
What did I say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Beat.

PARAMEDIC
Wasn't good. But I'm not the guy you
should be confessing too.

Trevor grabs him tighter.

TREVOR
WHAT DID I SAY!

The Paramedic pulls Trevor's hands off him.

PARAMEDIC
You said you wanted to kill her.

Off Trevor's shocked expression we-

SMASH CUT TO:

64A EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

64A

An ambulance races in and out of traffic down an urban
street, siren blaring.

65 INT. HOSPITAL ER /TREVOR'S BED - NIGHT

65

A couple of ORDERLIES wheel Trevor into the exact room he's
been coming to this whole time. Dr. Ambrose enters, along
with a NURSE who readied him for the brain surgery at the
beginning.

DR. AMBROSE
Hello I'm Dr-

TREVOR
- Ambrose. I know.

DR. AMBROSE
Have we met?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
I've been in here before.

DR. AMBROSE
Sorry. I see so many patients every day.

Ambrose takes a look at Trevor's bleeding hand.

DR. AMBROSE
Few stitches should do the trick.

Trevor just stares at Dr. Ambrose.

TREVOR
Where's Allison?

Dr. Ambrose looks a little confused.

DR. AMBROSE
Allison who?

TREVOR
Allison Dormere. She's a resident here.

Ambrose looks at the Nurse, who shrugs, then back at Trevor.

DR. AMBROSE
We don't have a resident by that name.
The Nurse will numb up that hand for me
and I'll be back in a few minutes.

Ambrose pats Trevor's shoulder congenially and WALKS OUT.

A nurse prepares an injection with her back to Trevor. As she turns, Trevor realizes she is the SAME GARGOYLE NURSE (minus the make up).She approaches Trevor, needle first.

NURSE
This might sting a little.

Trevor tenses when the Nurse smiles. She raises the hypodermic needle, ready for the injection.

NURSE
Just relax Trevor. Remember we're-

He grabs her wrist, squeezes it firmly.

TREVOR
- all here for you Trevor right? Go ahead
-- SAY IT!

The Nurse looks taken aback. She withdraws in fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR
I'm tired of this shit. I'm getting
really fucking tired of all of you!

Trevor suddenly jumps up. The Nurse is very disconcerted.

NURSE
Trevor! Lay back down-

Trevor runs out of the room, mowing the woman down in his tracks.

66 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT 66

Trevor rushes down the halls of the hospital nearly knocking down Dr. Ambrose.

DR. AMBROSE
Hey!

Trevor races as fast as his feet can carry him easily losing Dr. Ambrose.

67 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS/ALLISON'S OFFICE AREA - NIGHT 67

Trevor races around a corner and up to Allison's office. The same sickly person on the gurney, now appears dead. The doors burst open and Trevor storms into the empty room.

68 INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE- NIGHT 68

Trevor storms into the empty room. No desk, no chairs, no Allison. Empty except for an OLD JANITOR cleaning up.

JANITOR
(wheezing)
Okay ya caught me.

He brings a cigarette to his lips and takes a long drag.

JANITOR
Least let me finish will ya? Got one puff left.

TREVOR
I don't care.

JANITOR
Music to my ears.

Trevor turns to go back and THERE'S ALLISON standing in the doorway behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

Trevor. I heard you were looking for me.
Is everything all right?

TREVOR

Allison! Am I glad to see you!
(changing his tone) No... everything's
not right. Not at all.

ALLISON

Come here.

Allison holds him. The Janitor turns and watches with
curiosity.

TREVOR

Allison I think I did some very, very bad
things. I mean very bad.

ALLISON

Trevor, everybody does things they regret.
It's part of life. Until now, you couldn't
remember parts of your past, and now
they're all hitting you at once -- it's a
shock to the system. But I know two
things for certain. You can't undo your
past, and sooner or later you gonna have
to confront it. And it frightens me to
think I can't be there for you when you
do.

The Janitor calls out to Trevor wheezily.

JANITOR

Hey buddy!

TREVOR

(ignoring him)
... but I'm starting to think I was... I
was going to...

JANITOR

Hey buddy!

Trevor turns to the Janitor.

TREVOR

What do you want?!

JANITOR

(wheezing)
Who the hell are you talking to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trevor turns and Allison is gone. Vanished into thin air.

Off Trevor's look of complete confusion we-

MATCH CUT TO:

69 INT. BUS - NIGHT

69

Trevor. Same confused look. He's sitting in the same seat on the bus as always. His mind races, trying to make sense of it all, but it's not happening. Headaches are back....

He looks to the rear of the bus and sees the familiar OLD WOMAN knitting. He looks again. Whatever she's knitting is bright red and dripping... blood? Trevor follows the strand of bright red wool down to their source:

A DYING GOAT laying under the seat. It's insides have been ripped out. Its veins and tendons are serving as the old lady's yarn.

Trevor's eyes bolt back up to the Old Woman. She continues HUMMING sweetly, her lap speckled with goat's blood.

His head really starts to POUND now. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP!

QUICK FLASH CUTS:

The OLD ASIAN MAN giving Trevor the PUZZLE BOX.

THE HOTEL ROOM. Trevor giving Kirsty the puzzle box.

TREVOR'S POV from inside the car ROARING down on THE DARK FIGURE, not the GOAT.

The CAR LAUNCHING off the bridge.

KIRSTY TRAPPED in the car under water.

TREVOR TRAPPED inside the car.

We keep cross cutting between these images until-

We're back on the bus and Trevor is on his knees holding his head like it's about to explode. He grabs the emergency cord and pulls it hard.

TREVOR

STOP!

The BUS DRIVER jams on the brakes. Trevor hits the floor hard. The side door opens, Trevor crawls out.

70 EXT. KIRCHER'S ALLEY - NIGHT 70

The doors open. Trevor jumps off, knees nearly buckling from the pain. The bus speeds off.

A REAL WIDE SHOT. Trevor standing alone on the deserted streets.

Then Trevor senses someone behind him. Turns to find-

THE DARK FIGURE standing at the end of the street..

Trevor doesn't know if he should run or attack.

TREVOR
Who are you?

The Dark Figure approaches. Trevor retreats.

TREVOR (cont'd)
(top of his lungs)
What do you want?!

Silence. Trevor keeps backing away from the Dark Figure.

He backs up, and stops. The Dark Figure keeps coming. Trevor looks around and see's that he now stands in front of a familiar sign.

"KIRCHER EXOTIC IMPORTS/MANUFACTURING. Est. 1888"

He looks back to the Dark Figure. GONE.

Trevor again pulls out the card from his pocket-"ALL PROBLEMS SOLVED"

71 INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 71

Trevor cautiously steps inside. The place is dead silent.

Trevor heads down the stairs.

71A INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS/ LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 71A

The sewing machines and mannequins, now covered in dust and dirt, are all still there, but no Asian women. Trevor steps through the large puddle of water and heads into...

72 INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS/ LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT 72

There's just the bar bulb in the center of the room. Barely enough light to see.

The sculptures, paintings, drawings, pedestals, and candles are all gone.

Trevor walks around looking for some sign that the OLD ASIAN MAN was actually there at one time. That he hasn't gone completely insane.

Nothing. Trevor steps out of the room.

72A INT. KIRCHER IMPORTS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 72A

Trevor steps around a deep pool of black water.

TREVOR
(top of his lungs)
Where the hell are you!?

His voice just echoes through the empty space. Trevor starts to break down.

TREVOR
What did you do to me! I need to know
what has happened to me!

Nothing. A Blackbird flaps into the room and nests above.

TREVOR
Where are you goddammit!?

Trevor's head starts to POUND. This is the worst headache ever. He grabs his head and falls against the wall. The lone light bulb begins to flicker, and vibrate.

INSERT. A fly finds itself tangled in a spider web.

In front of him the deep pool of water begins to shimmer.

He starts to lose it when suddenly-

PINHEAD'S REFLECTION appears in the water.

PINHEAD
Still in the dark I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor looks around for the source of the reflection. There isn't any.

TREVOR
Who are you?

PINHEAD
Poor Trevor.

Trevor stands, truly pissed off.

TREVOR
This game is over -- do you HEAR me?

PINHEAD'S REFLECTION WALKS TOWARD TREVOR, The ripples of water distort the image on the surface.

PINHEAD
I hear everything. And soon you will know everything. More than you ever wanted -- I can guarantee that.

TREVOR
What is all this? Why are you doing this to me?

PINHEAD
Is it so difficult to face your demon's.

TREVOR
You're not real. None of this is.

Trevor steps into the pool of water.

PINHEAD
Oh, but I'm afraid I am. You can't run from your past Trevor. Not forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON TREVOR, cold sweats, eyes darting, mind racing. Then DING! He finally realizes what's happening.

TREVOR
You killed them. You killed Kirsty and
Gwen, and the others.

PINHEAD
The killer is amongst us, yes.

TREVOR
You did it. And you're trying to pin it
on me!

But when we cut back to PINHEAD'S REFLECTION it's now-
TREVOR. His reflection smiles back.

TREVOR
Nooooo!

The real Trevor races out of the warehouse and we-

SMASH CUT TO:

73 EXT. KIRCHER'S ALLEY - NIGHT 73

Trevor races out, now completely paranoid.

He spins to a sound at the end of the street. IT'S THE DARK
FIGURE. He starts to chase after Trevor.

Trevor turns -- now entirely freaked out -- and races into-

74 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 74

Trying to lose the DARK FIGURE but he's right behind him
keeping pace. Trevor kicks it into overdrive. He looks back,
no DARK FIGURE -- then turns and slams right into BRET.

BRET
Where the hell have you been? I've been
looking all over for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor has completely snapped. And, OH YES -- it shows.

TREVOR
We gotta get out of here. They're right
behind us.

BRET
Who?

TREVOR
(desperately wishes he could
give it a name)
I don't know...

PHWING! Bret suddenly launches out a NICKEL PLATED PISTOL and
aims it at Trevor's throat. We'll recognize it as the one in
Trevor's closet.

TREVOR
Bret... what the fuck...?

Something has definitely changed behind Bret's eyes.

BRET
Tonight was supposed to be the night,
Trev. Remember? You better, it was your
fucking plan. We'd kill Kirsty. Make it
look like a suicide. You'd get all her
money and we'd split it 50/50.

Bret shoves the gun a little harder against Trevor. He means
business.

BRET
But none of that's gonna happen now -- IS
IT!? You decided to go solo with your
little car accident bit and fucked it all
up. What were you thinking? -- that I'd
turn the other way and forget about our
little deal?

TREVOR
I don't know-

BRET
- what you're talking about. I know.
HEARD IT. Gotta' tell ya' buddy, the
amnesia routine's getting old. Besides,
Lange sees right through it. He's on to
you. And it's just a matter of time
before they're on to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bret pulls back the hammer with his thumb.

BRET
Well I'm not spending my life in prison.
I'd rather spend it in hell-

Bret then puts the gun to his own head.

BRET
- with you.

Bret pulls the trigger. In a flash he's laid out on the ground. The gun in plain sight.

TREVOR
BRET!

Trevor hears a NOISE behind him and turns to see that THE DARK FIGURE IS BACK. Guess he wasn't Bret.

TREVOR
Leave me alone.

The dark figure advances on Trevor.

TREVOR
Get outta my head. Your not real
goddammit!

And that's when the HEADACHES return. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP!
Causing Trevor to drop to his knees.

He squeezes his eyes as tight as he can, trying to force the pain out. When he opens them again-

THE DARK FIGURE IS GONE. Bret's dead body is still at his feet. Trevor leaves the body and the gun behind.

Trevor starts to shake. He's looking for an answer, but none's coming. He tries to calm himself down.

TREVOR
(trying to convince himself)
It's all in your head Trev. It's not
real. Pull your self together. You just
need the headaches-
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3) TREVOR(cont'd)

(top of his lunges)
- TO FUCKING STOP!

75 EXT. SAGE'S BUILDING - NIGHT 75

Trevor punches desperately at the buzzer -- but there's no answer. HIS HEAD IS POUNDING. IT'S THE WORST IT'S EVER BEEN.

Now frantic, he steps back ready to kick the door in when suddenly...

The buzzer sounds and the door unlocks.

75A INT. SAGE'S OFFICE - HALLWAY 75A

Trevor steps in -- now cautious. He walks down the hallway towards Sage's office.

Behind him, and unseen by him, we see the DARK FIGURE at the door.

76 INT. SAGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 76

Lit only by candle light. Trevor steps in -- now cautious. He locks the door behind him.

TREVOR
Sage. It's Trevor. I need help.

He slinks through the shadows and finds SAGE, lying on her massage table with-

THE ICE PICK JAMMED INTO THE TOP OF HER SKULL.

TREVOR
N000!

Trevor races over to her. There's blood everywhere.

FOOTSTEPS sound out in the hallway. Trevor races to the door. He slams it shut and locks it.

RAP, RAP, RAP! Someone's fighting with the door!

Trevor can make out the silhouette on the other side of the frosted glass. He's sure that's it the DARK FIGURE.

Alone in the room and helpless -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor reaches for the ice pick and -- SLUUURP -- pulls it out of Sage's skull just as-

The doorknob turns as Trevor raises the ice pick.

The Dark Stranger puts his face to the frosted glass getting a look into the room. When suddenly-

- The door is kicked open and the DARK FIGURE is revealed... LANGE. Cops rush in past him, guns raised high and crisp.

LANGE
FREEZE!

Trevor freezes. Looks to the ice pick covered in blood, then back to Lange. Shit.

LANGE
Drop it.

Trevor drops the ice pick as-

TREVOR
You don't understand.

LANGE
Save it Trevor. You don't need to say a thing. You have the right to remain silent.

A confused and defeated Trevor drops the ice pick.

77 INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

77

The doors burst open and the two cops and Lange escort Trevor in. They're practically dragging him. Trevor's arms are handcuffed behind him.

LANGE
You fucked this one up bad, real bad Trevor. It kills me to say this, but Givens was right about you all along.

TREVOR
I didn't do it.

78 OMITTED

78

78A INT. POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

78A

Trevor is slammed into a chair behind an empty desk. Lange sets up a microphone in front of Trevor and pushes the buttons on an old cassette recorder.

TREVOR
What's going on here Detective. You don't believe I did this do you?

Lange continues fussing.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You gotta believe me, I didn't do what it looks like I did.

LANGE
Relax Trevor. Now, let's get to the bottom of this once and for all. You want to tell me what exactly happened back there? Or you wanna wait for your lawyer.

TREVOR
Detective, you got to believe me, I'm being setup.

LANGE
I'll take that as an "I'll wait for my lawyer".

THE PHONE RINGS. Lange picks it up.

LANGE
This is Lange. Really?
(smiles)
Well whattya know, I've got him right here in front of me. Mmmmm, I see.

Trevor listens to Lange on the phone.

His eyes wander past Lange to see a BULLY COP outside the interrogation room beating a man savagely with his nightstick. A few other cops watch from a nearby office.

The BULLY COP looks to Trevor and displays an evil grin, then walks into the office and shuts the door.

LANGE
Got it. OK, we'll be down in a minute.
(he hangs up)
One thing's for sure. This ain't your lucky day Trevor.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE(cont'd)

They found the body this morning in the river. They're bringing it into the morgue now for ID.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) LANGE(cont'd)

Stay put here, I need to get some paper work going.

Lange WALKS OUT, and no sooner has the door closed when it opens again and Givens WALKS IN. He gets right in Trevor's face.

GIVENS
I had you pegged for bad the minute I laid eyes on you.

He leans into Trevor, way too close.

GIVENS
Now I want you to tell me what you remember happening -- in your own words -- exactly the way you told Detective Lange. But this time I want you to make one minor adjustment.

TREVOR
What's that?

GIVENS
DON'T FUCKING LIE TO ME!

But Trevor's not backing down now. He's been through too much.

TREVOR
I WANT TO SEE MY WIFE.

GIVENS
Oh you'll get to see her all right.

The door bursts open, two COPS enter and grab Trevor. They drag him out of the room. Givens yells out after him.

GIVENS
See you in hell, Trevor.

78B INT. POLICE STATION/LANGE'S OFFICE AREA -NIGHT

78B

The two cops pull Trevor up to a booking desk where he stands and waits as they grab some paper work out of an old file cabinet.

They throw a file on the desk in front of Trevor. Post Office type "WANTED" photos of TREVOR. More and more files come out of the cabinet.

It's a CRIME SCENE PHOTO FILE of- THE VICTIMS

GWEN. Her face blue. Her neck twisted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAWNY. Bound and gagged to the chair in Trevor's apartment.

Then BRET. His throat sliced, his body sprawled across the alley.

Another file comes out and it's SAGE. The ICE PICK still jutting out of her head.

Trevor's anxiety level is rising. FAST.

Trevor looks over his shoulder to the Interrogation room just as LANGE EXITS AND APPROACHES. What the ...?

LANGE
I thought I asked you to stay put? Come on, this way.

Lange leads Trevor out of the Booking area.

78C INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

78C

As they exit to the hallway they run into TAWNY'S BOYFRIEND. He sees Trevor and fills with rage.

BOYFRIEND
I hope they fry your ass motherfucker!

He lunges at Trevor. It takes the detectives he's with and two more cops to keep him from pummeling Trevor. As Lange leads Trevor away the Boyfriend continues berating Trevor.

BOYFRIEND
YOU'RE GONNA BURN... YOU SICK BASTARD!!!!.

LANGE
Got quite a fan club going Trevor.

78D INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

78D

Lange leads Trevor down another hallway. Trevor looks over his shoulder to see....

INSIDE ANOTHER DOORWAY: TWO DETECTIVES have some HAPLESS SOUL strapped to an odd looking electrical contraption.

HAPLESS SOUL
I told you I don't know!

DETECTIVE#1
Wrong answer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Detective#1 hits a button and a shock races through the Hapless Soul's body. Detective #2 spins and notices Trevor looking in and SLAMS the door shut.

Lange opens another door and pushes Trevor through.

78E INT. POLICE STATION / STAIRWELL - NIGHT 78E

Lange and Trevor descend down a few flights. They walk past a familiar face. The UNUSUAL LOOKING MAN COVERED WITH FACIAL PIERCINGS. This time he's in full police uniform.

Not missing a step, Lange and Trevor come to another door.

79 OMITTED 79

80 OMITTED 80

81 OMITTED 81

82 INT. LOWER LEVEL OF POLICE STATION - NIGHT 82

Lange drags Trevor into a long corridor. It ramps down into the bowels of the police station. The walls are now different shades of shit, it doesn't look like Kansas anymore...

They keep going deeper and deeper, while the corridors keep getting stranger and more ominous.

Trevor is led past a cell where a man is standing, bound in a strait jacket. They make brief eye contact before Trevor disappears through yet another door.

82A INT. BOWELS OF THE POLICE STATION / DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT 82A

Walking through puddles of putrid water, Lange leads a very weary Trevor to a gate. Beyond the gate are corridors leading off in many directions..

Lange pulls out a set of keys from his pocket. He walks behind Trevor and unlocks his handcuffs.

Lange then turns and unlocks a massive lock, and pushes the gate open. Trevor marches through with purpose. He turns back to see Lange CLOSING AND LOCKING THE GATE. Trevor's locked in.

TREVOR
What are you doing Detective? I thought
you believed me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE

Believe? Here's what I believe Trevor. I believe you and me got something in common. I believe neither of us are who others think we are. Maybe not even who we think we are. I believe each of us are the sum of two entirely different people.

TREVOR

No, I know who I am. I'm not a killer.

LANGE

Denial to the end. I Like that about you kid.

Lange leans in close.

LANGE (CONT'D)

Good and bad, Trevor. Honest and dishonest. Righteous and evil. That's how we're all made. A little of both. It's just a question of how much of each.

Then Lange's head makes a strange cracking noise. He whirls around revealing-

- GIVEN'S FACE ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

Givens head separates from the back of Lange's head. The two heads now face Trevor.

GIVENS

And we're made up of just the right parts of both. A little heavier on the evil.

LANGE

Morgue's right down at the end.

GIVENS

You can't miss it.

Trevor stumbles back in shock, then turns and races away from the beast, and down further into the corridors.

82B INT. BOWELS OF THE POLICE STATION / DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT 82B

Trevor rounds a corner to catch his breath and survey his situation. He's being watched.

The Dark Figure stands at the end of the tunnel. Trevor's not in the mood for confrontation and heads the other way. Fast.

A bit further he stops and again, the Dark Figure is GONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor keeps walking. Down the corridor he sees another strange cell with a man lying in a pool of blood. DEAD.

Trevor walks past, not taking his attention away for the horrific scene, and stops.

He find himself directly in front of the MORGUE.

Slowly he pushes the door open.

83 INT. POLICE STATION/MORGUE - NIGHT

83

Trevor enters the morgue. The door slams behind him.

The fluorescent lights flicker overhead illuminating the large cold space.

He surveys the room.

- A LONE EXAMINATION TABLE with a dead body on it covered by a sheet. A large examination light buzzes overhead.

TREVOR

Kirsty!

Trevor cautiously approaches the table and reaches out for the sheet to reveal his late wife.

AND THAT'S WHEN THE ROOM STARTS TO SHAKE -- HARD. Like an 8.0.

The walls begin to CRACK and chunks of plaster begin to fall.

Trevor looks up to find the ceiling TEARING OPEN. Blood starts to drip from the cracks.

The floor begins to crack open (Courtesy of CGI).

The light bulbs dangling in the room begin to flicker and vibrate. Several explode, showering Trevor with glass.

Light pours in through the exposed lattice in the walls.

The walls start to shake and buckle.

They tear apart opening the door to hell, revealing a wall of light.

And through that wall of light-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- PINHEAD EMERGES.

PINHEAD

You've reached the end of the line
Trevor. I told you, you couldn't run from
your past forever. Eventually it catches
up to us all and we must atone-

(reaches out to him)

- and now it's time for you to pay the
price.

(beat)

You were willing to pay the price weren't
you?

TREVOR

I just want to see my wife... please.

Pinhead takes great pleasure in Trevor's suffering.

PINHEAD

Jealousy arouses a spouse's fury.
And no mercy will be shown when that
revenge is given.

84 OMITTED

84

85 INT. POLICE STATION/MORGUE - NIGHT

85

That fatal BELL begins to TOLL. With each peel the walls of
the morgue shakes. It's walls begin to rumble and crack.

TREVOR

Let me see my wife...

PINHEAD

In time.

Trevor moves for the sheet. BIG MISTAKE, because now-

HOOKS AND CHAINS time. They shoot out from the GROUND all
around Trevor, hooking his face, his mouth, his chest, his
hands. They drag him to his knees in front of PINHEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINHEAD
I said in time Trevor. Let us take a
journey together. Let me help you
remember, once and for all.

FLASH BACK:

86 INT. CENOBITE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

86

KIRSTY
Where did you get this?

Kirsty sits on the bed staring hollowly at the PUZZLE BOX.
Trevor's holding the VIDEO CAMERA on her.

TREVOR
Just open it.

Kirsty has her moment of utter dread. Reunited with the box.

KIRSTY
What have you done--?

TREVOR
It's just a little something I thought
you'd...

KIRSTY
What have you done?

TREVOR
Come on, wait til you see what it can do.

KIRSTY
Oh, I know what it can do. Why did you
give this to me?

TREVOR
What are you talking about Kirsty?
It's just a puzzle. That's all...

KIRSTY
But that's not why you gave it to me is
it? IS IT?!

TREVOR
Of course it is.

KIRSTY
Trevor, you said you loved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
Just open the box. There's nothing to be
afraid of.

KIRSTY
Then you open it.

TREVOR
It's for you , you open it.

KIRSTY
I TRUSTED YOU, GODDAMMIT! I TRUSTED YOU
WITH MY LIFE! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO
ME AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?!

TREVOR
Kirsty-- calm down! I can explain all
this!

KIRSTY
I want you to look me in the eyes and
tell me you don't know what's in this
box. LOOK AT ME!

TREVOR
What's in the box is for you and you
alone.

Trevor meets her gaze. His facade gone.

KIRSTY
And I thought you loved me.

TREVOR
(ice)
I guess you thought wrong.

It takes a moment for it all to sink in.

And that's when Kirsty does a curious thing. Without even
breaking eye contact, she deftly spins the box in her hands.
Just like an old pro.

KIRSTY
Is this what you want, Trevor?

And with one final turn--

KIRSTY
I hope it's everything you want it to be.

The PUZZLE BOX begins to open in her hands. She smiles as the
light emanating from it swirls around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PINHEAD (VO)

We were the uninvited guests at your
little celebration. Unseen by you.

86A INT. MORGUE

86A

Pinhead talks to Trevor bound by the chains. Recalling his
own past,

PINHEAD

Wherever there is hate, violence, and
depravity -- a door will always be found.

TREVOR

The old man.

PINHEAD

All problems solved? Not that simple I'm
afraid. You were an interesting study.
That's all. Lust, greed, deception.
Fertile ground, but rather mundane. I
used you Trevor. You were bait to lure a
far more interesting creature.

86B INT. HOTEL ROOM/ CHAIN ROOM

86B

PINHEAD and the CENOBITES are in the room with Kirsty.

PINHEAD

Kirsty. We meet again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRSTY

How did you find me?

PINHEAD

I never lost you. I've waited. Watched and waited. Seen how the bud blossomed and ripened into firm fruit. But what to do? Pluck it and consume it? Or watch it fall from the bough, rot and wither into dirt?

KIRSTY

HE wanted you here. Not me.

PINHEAD

Still playing the innocent Kirsty? You disappoint me. After all these years haven't you realized that it's you that wants me here. You opened a door long ago, and it will not be closed until I get what I came for.

KIRSTY

My soul.

PINHEAD

Ah, a little understanding at last. It is mine Kirsty. I possess it utterly. More completely than your pathetic Trevor ever could in his haphazard couplings. I touch the deep, dark, secret center of your self. And you know it. You welcome it.

KIRSTY

No...Your wrong.

PINHEAD

It was your loving husband who did the hard work. He made it easy for me. It seems your family always does.

KIRSTY

That was Frank. I gave him back. I did what I promised.

PINHEAD

Don't think I'm not grateful. I am. Eternally grateful. But there was another bargain? Wasn't there? You will not have forgotten that I gave myself to let you run. Did you think that gift was nobly and freely given? Did you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) PINHEAD(cont'd)

You always knew this day was coming. Felt it deep within you. When you woke in the dark, slick with sweat, terrified of something you could not name, was it because I walked in your dreams? When you paused at an innocent street corner, suddenly unsure of your place in this world, was it because I stood unseen beside you? I will never rest until I get what I want. And what I want is you. They want you too, Kirsty. Your family. The brood that spawned you. They'll all be waiting at the gates of your hell: The uncle, still lusting after what he cannot have; the sweetly sinful stepmother; and of course, the father who aches to hold his little girl again. Don't you want to run to Daddy?

KIRSTY
I'm done running.

PINHEAD
The box will never let you go. You solved the puzzle, you unleashed the power. There is no turning back. You know the price, are you prepared to pay?

The cenobites move forward to Kirsty. Its not looking good.

KIRSTY

What if I made a deal? But this time I'll give you five souls in exchange for mine.

Pinhead is noticeably impressed. He smiles.

PINHEAD
Interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kirsty's look is a little twisted. She's running on pure vengeance now.

KIRSTY
They're already chosen.

He sees an opening to have Kirsty step over to the "dark side."

PINHEAD
You would bring them to me yourself?

But killing them isn't part of the deal for Kirsty...

KIRSTY
You'll get your five.

He can clearly see the hate in her eyes and somehow knows she'll do what she says. He is pleased.

PINHEAD
It seems I underestimated you. You have grown into quite the adversary.

KIRSTY
I had a great teacher.

He smiles. The proud parent.

PINHEAD
Then I accept. But if you fail, your soul is mine and mine alone for eternity. And trust me -- to you it will feel even longer than that.

And with that, the room is back to normal and we-

- LEAP BACK TO THE MOMENT just before Kirsty opened the puzzle box. Trevor has no clue what just happened. Kirsty turns back on the charm.

KIRSTY
Come here you.

Trevor places the camera -- still rolling tape -- down on the night stand as she pulls him onto the bed. Kirsty mounts Trevor.

KIRSTY
(devilish smile)
Time for your present.

87 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

87

Trevor struggles with the chains.

PINHEAD

Needless to say -- I was very impressed
with her handy work. Three of your
favorite companions, most supple and
delicious as you already know. And the
man you had at one time conspired to kill
Kirsty with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lights flicker overhead, reddening with each strobe.

PINHEAD

They are all with me now. But the total is only four. And that, as you now know, was not our contract.

He fights the chains despite the pain.

PINHEAD

You've seen many things you'll wish you hadn't. Many nightmares from which you'll never awake. And about your dear Kirsty....

SMASH CUT TO:

88 INT. CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY

88

This is the same sequence from the opening. Trevor puts his hand on Kirsty's thigh. She pulls it away.

TREVOR

What's wrong?

She turns to him. Her eyes are red rimmed, watery. She didn't want this to happen here but-

KIRSTY

I know about Gwen, and the others.

TREVOR

What are you talking about?

KIRSTY

I've seen the fucking tapes. All those women Trev. In our home. In our bed.

TREVOR

Kirsty, I would never...

KIRSTY

- Don't fucking lie to me! It's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
Honey relax.

KIRSTY
I don't want to relax. How could you do this to me? I thought we were working it out. I thought things were getting better. You told me they were getting better.

TREVOR
They are.

KIRSTY
Then why?

TREVOR
Those were from a long time ago.

KIRSTY
Denial to the end. Typical. Do me a favor and cut the crap Trevor. If you're gonna fuck every woman you meet behind my back, the least you can give me now is that.
(beat)
I'm through.

TREVOR
You have to believe me.

KIRSTY
I'm done believing.
(beat)
I trusted you.

TREVOR
Really? Then why didn't you tell me about the inheritance?

KIRSTY
Is that what this is about? The money my father and his brother left me is tainted with the memory of what happened. I could never touch it.

With that she pulls out the NICKEL PLATED PISTOL from her bag. Clicks back the hammer with purpose.

TREVOR
This can't be happening. I have a deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIRSTY

You HAD a deal. But I made a better offer. And guess what? -- HE TOOK IT.

TREVOR

Kirsty, please. We can work this out.

KIRSTY

Guess my mom was right. My family is cursed.

TREVOR

Kirsty!

BAM! SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER! Trevor's head SLAPS UP AGAINST the driver's side window.

The Camry roars off towards the bridge and ARCS out over the river and splashes nose down into the river.

88A INT. RIVER, UNDERWATER - DAY

88A

Inside the car, Kirsty calmly opens her door and looks to Trevor.

Trevor floats backwards with a blank stare in his eyes and a cloud of blood around his head.

Kirsty swims out of view..

88B EXT. RIVER - DAY 88B

Kirsty breaks the surface of the water. GASPS FOR AIR.

89 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT 89

Now Trevor is really fighting the chains, ignoring the flesh being torn from his arms.

TREVOR
Let me see her. Let me see my wife.

PINHEAD
(smiling)
Welcome to the worst nightmare of them
all, Trevor. Reality.

THE HOOKS AND CHAINS RELEASE all at once.

Trevor scrambles to the examination table and pulls back the sheet. His jaw drops in disbelief.

IT'S TREVOR'S BODY. It is blue and bloated. The corpse's skull has a massive exit hole in it.

Trevor stares at his own dead body in utter disbelief.

TREVOR
I'm the fifth soul.

HOLD on the corpse -- so tranquil.

KIRSTY'S VOICE (OC)
Yes. That's him.

And now we are-

90 EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - DAY 90

REVERSE ANGLE on Kirsty looking down at the corpse, wiping the tears from her eyes.

WIDER to reveal we're back at the river below the bridge.

Kirsty is still wet, but now she has a towel and Police jacket wrapped around her.

In the background we can see Trevor and Kirsty's car being towed out of the river.

DETECTIVE LANGE steps in and leads Kirsty away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE
That's it.

KIRSTY
(tears flowing)
He was so unhappy. I tried to make him happy. But he just, pulled the gun -- said he was gonna kill us both -- then he shot himself. Next thing I know we're under water -- and I... I couldn't see anything... and I lost him.

LANGE
You did what you could. I'm sorry.

She looks over Lange's shoulder to Trevor on the gurney.

KIRSTY
It just doesn't make any sense. To think he could be responsible for killing five people?

LANGE
Murder weapon appears to be the same. And now this... it's pretty much open and shut.

KIRSTY
I'm so sorry.

LANGE
It's not your fault.

Crime scene investigators and Paramedics continue their on-site investigation of the body.

AND THAT'S WHEN WE REALIZE that the lead POLICE CORONER is-

DR. AMBROSE -- from Trevor's nightmares. He checks the wound on Trevor's head, pauses to look inside Trevor's eyes.

TREVOR'S POV: Ambrose closing the eyelid again.

AMBROSE
Checking oral cavity for blockage...

Ambrose opens Trevor's mouth.

AMBROSE
And we have a winner...

He pulls a long black dead lamprey out of Trevor's mouth. He turns to the PARAMEDICS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMBROSE (cont'd)

You can take him away now. We'll finish up at the morgue.

The PARAMEDIC start to take the body back up the hill. It's the same paramedic from the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC

Jesus Christ buddy. I know we all got our personal problems -- God knows I gotta a few demons of my own to deal with -- but shit. The gun to the head wasn't enough? You had to fuckin' deep six it off the bridge too. Little over kill don't you think?

(sorry)

No pun intended. That kinda' shit could get you sent straight to hell. Well I guess what's done is done. So maybe you can do me a favor. If you do meet the maker, tell him that thing I got into last week with Carla De Lia -- won't happen again. Swear to... well you know what I mean.

ALLISON

Wait, wait!

ALLISON races up and stops them. She's the assistant CORONER.

ALLISON

(to Trevor)

Sorry. Had to leave you there for a minute Trev. But I'm back and I won't leave you again.

Allison leans in close to Trevor's face.

ALLISON

Well? What do you say Trevor? Que pasa?

DR. AMBROSE

Allison what on earth possesses you to converse with cadavers?

ALLISON

What if there is no afterlife? Do we just stay stuck inside our bodies for eternity watching ourselves decompose? Wouldn't you want someone to talk to you like a normal human being one last time?

Allison fixes a stray lock of hair on Trevor's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMBROSE

You're creeping me out. And I'm a
coroner.

BACK TO Kirsty AND LANGE. A COP calls down to Lange.

LANGE

Looks like your ride's here.

KIRSTY

Thank you detective. For everything.

She turns and walks off, tears flowing, her back to Lange. WE
MOVE WITH HER. She moves to the top of the bridge and surveys
the activity below.

But then her face suddenly shifts. She stops crying, regains
her composure and the crack of a smile begins to cross her
face.

She moves to the other side of the bridge, reaches into her
pocket, and out comes the NICKEL PLATED PISTOL.

Kirsty looks at it -- smiles -- and then drops it over the
bridge into the river below.

She moves to the waiting police car.

91 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 91

Kirsty climbs in the back.

KIRSTY
Could you take me to the airport please?

TAP, TAP, TAP. She turns to see Lange rapping on the window.

LANGE
One last thing... When they found your
husband he was holding this.

Lange reaches into his packet then pulls out-

LANGE
They had to wrench it from his hand.

- THE PUZZLE BOX inside a ziploc bag. Lange and Kirsty
exchange a knowing glance.

LANGE
Figured you might want it.

Thinking fast.

KIRSTY
It was my anniversary present.

LANGE
Something to remember him by. Goodbye Mr.

KIRSTY
Thank you.

Kirsty takes the cube.

LANGE
No.

Lange tips down his sunglasses and we see now he has black
completely soulless eyes. WE SEE the INTRICATE RING on his
hand.

LANGE
Thank YOU.

92 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 92

The police car starts off across the bridge.

Kirsty looks back through the window, surprised to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DARK FIGURE standing alone on the bridge.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -